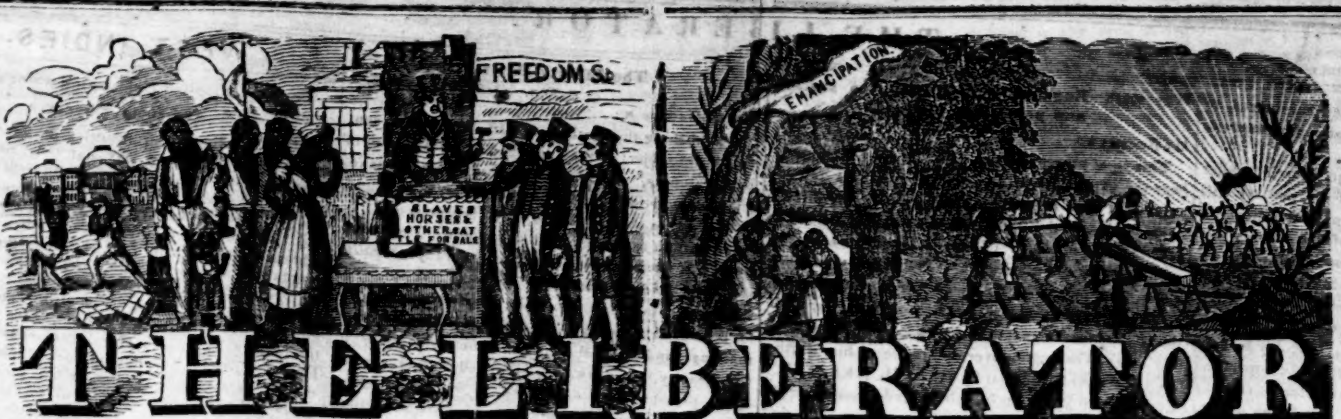


THE LIBERATOR:  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
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The Anti-Slavery Office, No. 25 CORNHILL.



# THE LIBERATOR

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

Vol. XX.—NO. 15.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

The real 'Simon Pure' Democracy!

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## SELECTIONS.

From the National A. S. Standard.

The Union.

As many minds are now active on this subject,

and many consciences troubled, it may be not altogether

useless to declare our own state of feeling.

Our objections to the Union are briefly these:

1. It is a sham, and not a reality. It professes

to be a union, and is a union. We are called the

United States, and we are the Disunited States.

From the beginning, the South has pursued toward

the North the policy of foreign States; i.e. she has

with combined energy and skill statesmanship, all

ways contrived to protect and extend her own in-

terests, at the expense of the interests of the North.

That the North was enabled to stand so long un-

crushed by this system of continual checking, is

entirely owing to the healthy and re-invigorating

tendency of free labor. Such a union as this, re-

sembles the marriage, concerning which an

old woman said, that 'the disparity

seemed to be all on one side.' We are tied, not

united; soldered, not fused.

2. This sham, like all others, is doing incal-

culable mischief. To keep up the appearance of

union, the American people are fast becoming ac-

customed to the relinquishment of their principles,

on which free institutions must rest, if they exist at

all. The natural action of reason and conscience have

been spelt-bound by the name of the Union.

3. The Union, as it now exists, compels the free

States to direct partnership with great and exten-

sive wrong. In point of fact, we are the standing

army of the South, ranged in dense platoons, with

bayonets pointed toward the trembling slaves. With-

out our aid, southern slaveholders would not even try to

maintain their peculiar institutions for with all their

power, they can calculate chances and accommo-

date themselves to circumstances, as well as people

less given to bravado. In proof of this, behold how

discreetly they lower their tone about the Creole, as

soon as they hear the decided voice of the British

Parliament. Whenever the northern conscience

durst to speak with firmness concerning her partner-

ship in guilt, her tones, too, will be heard, and that

promptly.

It is urged that each individual citizen can ab-

solve himself from partnership, by withdrawing from

all connection with the government. But all except

non-resistants would consider this a great surrender

of principle; and to many minds it would seem to

involve a departure from civil disobedience, which

cease to be a citizen for conscience' sake, and to

cease to be one by coercion of circumstance, are

two very different things, and involve results as

widely opposite as sickness and health. Moreover,

a citizen cannot altogether absolve himself from

partnership, even by this process. His property is

still taxed for great and small expenses, among which

is the Florida 'negro hunt'; he is still counted in the

census; the master relies upon his bayonet, and the

slave fears it, just as much as if it would be used.

No power on earth could compel him to be an ac-

complice in the act; but by virtue of the Union, he

stands an accomplice before the A.

In addition to this, we are aiding and abetting

the cause of freedom throughout the world. The

friends and enemies of liberty are looking anxi-

ously upon our great experiment of republican

institutions. Mob, riots, dagger-drawing in Congress,

suppression of free speech, censorship of the mail,

imprisonment on the mere suspicion of an opinion,

and the like, are all things which, if they are

deliberately, to times, we are unconsciously

startling forces it up to us, and to lay down their

duties in regard to it; to lay down their prin-

ciples; to mark out their course; and to resolve on

acquitting themselves righteously towards God. Had

the South, and towards themselves. Had

the North never come to this great matter in ear-

nest. We have tried to have been too much ab-

to take their country interests, to watch the bearing

## THE LIBERATOR

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1842.

By the provision of the Constitution, as we have

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In order that the reader may examine  
ous and odious' resolutions, as they  
called and for which a representative of the







## POETRY.

The writer of the following spirited lines is greatly distinguished herself by her truly poetical effusions in the Louisville Journal. Who is she?

From the Louisville Journal.

## TIME.

All hail, thou visionless one, whose lonely wings  
Sweep o'er the earth unweary and sublime!  
Mysterious agent of the King of kings,  
Whom conquerors obey, and man calls Time!  
Compared with thee, even centuries in their night  
Seem but like atoms in the sun's broad ray;  
Thou sweepst them from thy majestic flight,  
Scattering them from thy plumes like drops of spray.

Cast from the ocean in its scornful play.  
Shrined as thou art in my sublimest thought,  
How shall my spirit hail thee? O'er the earth  
Thou, with ten thousand worlds that sprang from naught,  
Beginst at thy wanderings at Creation's birth;  
Musing on thee, the expanding spirit filled;  
With thoughts too vast for human eloquence,  
Shrinks trembling, like a woman's heart when thrilled  
With love's delicious throes, till thought intense  
Is lost amid its own magnificence.

Thou fastest imperceptible to sight,  
God-like, diffusing life and death around;  
Swift as about round thee in thy rapid flight,  
Dropping like gems from midnight's blue profound,  
Swept on with thee through vast immensity.  
Each blissing sphere in its swift course revolves,  
The sunny streams go singing to the sea,  
And the blue wave upon the beach dissolves  
Like Woman's hopes, and Manhood's high resolves.

Even every heart-beat in the bosom's cell,  
Steals o'er the spirit like a funeral toll;  
Each solemn stroke is like a passing bell,  
Heard mid the bushes of the startled soul;  
The wave of feeling, tossing to and fro,  
Like ocean billows, restless and sublime,  
The crimson life-drops as they ebb and flow,  
And the quick pulse with its unequal chime,  
All beat with muffled strokes the march of Time.

Each year, that seems so long to us, to thee  
Is but one sweep of thy majestic plume;  
Bearing pale millions to the eternal sea,  
Through the dim pathway of the midnight tomb;  
Thou touch'st the young and beautiful, and lo!  
Gone are the charms thou never canst restore;  
The fair and glossy tresses turn white as snow,  
And the young voice, that warbles o'er and o'er.

Yet in the rosy dawn of Childhood's days,  
How swift the joyous moments seem to flee!  
They wait themselves like happy thoughts away,  
Or melt like snow-flakes dropping on the sea;  
'Tis pastime then to laugh away the hours  
That lightly gleam in their circling race,  
Like dancing girls all linked with wreaths of flowers,  
Or like swift ripples that each other chase,  
Or deepening smiles o'er a laughing face.

Thought, like a bird, may pierce the blue abyss  
Of the vast deep, and soar from clime to clime;  
May float, a seraph, near the realms of bliss,  
Mute as Eternity, and swift as Time;  
But Thought will fold its weary wing, while Time  
In its swift flight unchecked doth onward roll,  
Still working out the Almighty's great design,  
The Earth thy course, Eternity thy goal,  
Thy victims all things, save the Human Soul.

All, save the Human Soul! that exiled thing,  
Chained like a captive to its embowed clod,  
Yet calmly leaning on thine awful wing,  
To wait its onward to its Maker—God.  
Like unchanging amid the wrecks of Time,  
Like some vast rock imprisoned in the main,  
Whose awful form in grandeur raised sublime,  
Beats back the bristling surge like drops of rain,  
Dashing them at his feet in mute disdain.

Night unto night succeeds, and day to day,  
Swelling thy power, and adding to thy fame;  
Thou wast at time's awful dawn, and kings obey;  
And yet thou'rt but the shadow of a name,  
A moment of Eternity, a span,  
Circling Creation, until Time is o'er;  
Then wilt thy glories end as they began,  
And, undistinguished on the eternal shore,  
Be lost forever and forever more.

From the Pittsburgh Banner.

## TEMPERATURE LYRIC.

## GROGGERIES.

Down with the groggeries, down!  
Crush them for ever more!  
No longer let their dark walls frown—  
Their fiery torrents pour  
Roll on them like the thunder-gust,  
And dash their chambers to the dust.

There, deeds that mock the day,  
With fearless front are done;  
The slayer crouches there, to slay  
The poor unwary one;  
And beggared wretches lingering there,  
Are robbed of all they have and are.

Who hath he spared, who larks  
Within the spoiler's den—  
The man-few who untwining works  
The overthrow of men?  
Ah! none—for, with unerring aim,  
Have sped his arrows, barbed with flame.

BROTHERS! 'thine own right hand  
The fiend hath torn away;  
Him who was wont by thee to stand  
In every evil day;  
The robber lured him to his cell,  
Slew him, and dragged his soul to hell.

FATHER! where is thy son?  
Behold yon haggard form,  
Stripped by the God-abandoned one,  
And cowering in the storm;  
'Tis his who once was all thy joy,  
Thine own beloved, thine only boy.

So! how the monster mocks  
Thy woes, no tongue can name;  
He trod thy father's thin, gray locks  
Down to the dust in shame;  
And now upon thy soul and limb  
Would bind the chain that fettered him.

Widow!—sad weeper—thou  
And all thy starving ones,  
Have built the robber's den, and now  
He fattens on your groans;  
He cannot pity ye who gave  
Your loved one to the drunkard's grave.

Brother, and sire, and son,  
Widow, and orphan boy,  
Ye all have known the cruel one—  
The mighty to destroy—  
Then on! and in the name of God,  
Tread down his temples to the sod.

In Truth and Virtue strong,  
On to the moral strife,  
To slay the robber arm of Wrong—  
The waste of human life  
On! till from all his hills and glens  
Are swept the Spoiler's reeking dens!

## MISCELLANY.

## Tribute to the Memory of James Forten.

We take the following sketch from a pamphlet containing the "Remarks on the Life and Character of JAMES FORTEN, delivered at Bethel Church, Philadelphia, March 30, 1842, by ROBERT PURVIS, the amiable and accomplished son-in-law of the deceased philanthropist and Christian.

JAMES FORTEN, the subject of our discourse, was born on the 2d day of September, 1766, and died on the 15th of March, 1842. He was the son of Thomas Forten, who died when he was but seven years old. His mother survived him after he had reached the years of maturity. In early life he was marked for great sprightliness and energy of character, a generous disposition, and indomitable courage, always frank, kind, courteous, and disinterested. In the year 1775 he left school, being then about nine years of age, having received a very limited education (and he never went to school afterwards), from that early, devoted, and world-wide known philanthropist, Jonathan Benezet. He was a constant attendant at a grocery store and at home, when his father, yielding to the earnest and unceasing solicitations of her son, whose young heart, fired with the enthusiasm and feeling of the patriots and revolutionists of that day, with the firmness and devotion of a Roman matron, but with a heart truly deemed American, she gave the boy for his private, the child of her heart and her hopes, to the country on the star of its liberties she laid the apple of her eye, the jewel of her soul.

In 1780, then in his fourteenth year, he embarked on board the "Royal Louis, Stephen Decatur, Senr., Commander," in the capacity of "powder-boy." Scarcely wafted from his native shore, and perilled upon the dark bosom of the sea, he found himself in the roar of cannon, the smoke of blood, the dying and the dead. Their ship was soon brought into action with an English vessel, the "Leisure," which, after a severe fight, sustaining great loss on both sides, and leaving every man wounded on board the "Louis" but himself, they succeeded in capturing, and brought her into port amid the loud huzzas and acclamations of the crowds that assembled on the occasion. Forten, sharing largely in the feeling which so brilliant a victory had inspired, with fresh courage, and an unquenchable devotedness to the interests of his native land, soon re-embarked in the same vessel. In this cruise, however, they were unfortunate; for, falling in with the English frigate, the "Amphion, Nymph, and Bonaparte," they were forced to strike their colors, and became prisoners of war. It was at this juncture that his mind was harassed with the most painful forebodings, from a knowledge of the fact that rarely, if ever, were prisoners of his complexion exchanged; they were sent to the West Indies, and there doomed to a life of slavery. But, by the intervention of his father, he was released, and returned to his native land. He was, indeed, on board the "Amphion, Captain Beasley, who, struck with his open and honest countenance, made him the companion of his son. During one of those dull and monotonous periods which frequently occur on ship-board, the son of Beasley and Forten were engaged in a game of marbles, when, by a signal, they were suddenly displaced by the unerring hand of Forten. This excited the surprise and admiration of his young companion, who, hastening to his father, called his attention to it. Upon being questioned as to the truth of the matter, and assuring the Captain that nothing was easier for him to accomplish, the marbles were again placed in play, and in rapid succession he redeemed his word.

A fresh and deeper interest was from that moment taken in his behalf. Captain Beasley proffered a voyage to England, tempted him with the allurements of wealth, under the patronage of his son, who was heir to a large estate, there, the advantages of a good education, and, in addition, a handsome salary for ever. No, no! invariably was the reply, "I AM HERE A PRISONER FOR THE LIBERTIES OF MY COUNTRY. I never, never, shall prove a traitor to her interests? What sentiment more exalted? What patriotism more lofty, devoted, and self-sacrificing? Indeed with him, it was, 'America, with all thy faults, I love thee still.' For with a full knowledge of the wrongs and outrages which she inflicted upon those of his brethren by the 'ties of consanguinity, and of wrong,' we see this persecuted and valiant son of hers, in the darkest hour of his existence, when hope seemed departed from him; when the horrors of a hopeless West India slavery, with its whips for his shrinking flesh, and the noisiest of the 'Cassars,' and the degradation, by severing that tie, which by the strongest cords of love bound him to his native land—we see him standing up in the spirit of martyrdom, with a constancy of affection, and an invincibility of purpose, for the honor of his country, to play the part of a hero, and to endure the most cruel and painful tortures, a letter to the Commander of the prison-ship, highly commendatory of him, and also requesting that Forten should not be forgotten on the list of exchanges. Thus (as he frequently related to us in after life) did a game of marbles save him from a life of West India servitude. In the mean while his mother, at home, was in a state of wild horror; above the noisiest of the 'Cassars,' and the degradation, by severing that tie, which by the strongest cords of love bound him to his native land—we see him standing up in the spirit of martyrdom, with a constancy of affection, and an invincibility of purpose, for the honor of his country, to play the part of a hero, and to endure the most cruel and painful tortures, a letter to the Commander of the prison-ship, highly commendatory of him, and also requesting that Forten should not be forgotten on the list of exchanges. Thus (as he frequently related to us in after life) did a game of marbles save him from a life of West India servitude. 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